

April 1904

L'UMILE PIANTA.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

The Editor is anxious to publish a complete and up-to-date list of students, with their present addresses, in the summer number. She therefore begs *all* students of their courtesy to send her a post card before June 18th, giving their present home and postal addresses.

- Miss E. L. Mulloney, c/o H. Samson, Esq., Pontesbury House, Buxton
- Miss A. M. Nield, Mount Pleasant House, Tunbridge Wells; c/o Mrs. Miller, 9, Suffolk Road, Edinburgh
- Miss G. Mackenzie, c/o Mrs. R. Pringle, Roselee, Hawick, N.B.
- Miss A. S. Moore, 54, Warren Road, Reigate; c/o Mrs. Fison, The Vicarage, S. Nutfield, Surrey
- Miss E. M. Brookes, c/o H. Fowler, Esq., North Cottage, Cromer
- Miss D. Tetley, Hilbre Grange, Bedford; c/o A. Symington, Esq., 15, Rosslyn Terrace, Helmside, Glasgow
- Miss E. A. Magill, c/o Mrs. Anderson, Tunnell Wood, Watford
- Miss E. A. Parish, Hearne, near Canterbury; XXth Century Club, Notting Hill, London, W., winter; and Eastbourne, summer
- Miss G. Mendham, 90, Rue Montaigne, Brussels
- Miss V. Parker, at Wingfield, Manor Road, Bournemouth
- Miss K. Conder, The Dene, Triangle, near Halifax; c/o Mrs. Fison, St. John Street, Salisbury
- Miss J. M. Baird, c/o Mrs. de Northbech, Hotel Vier Jahnozeiter, Munich, Bavaria

- Mrs. H. Price (née Page), 2, Waverley Villas, Morehall, Folkestone
 Miss F. Mucklow, c/o Mrs. Hassall, Rearsby Rectory, Leicester
 Miss E. J. Carter, Scale How, Ambleside
 Miss M. Beveridge, c/o Lady Mora Cavendish, 7, Culford Gardens, Cadogan Square
 Miss M. F. V. Hodge, 128, Margarets Road, Oxford; c/o Rev. C. S. Wood, Woolton Vicarage, Basingstoke
 Miss D. Brownell, c/o Sir M. Wodsworth, Bart., 10, Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton, Bristol
 Miss G. M. Bradley, (post) 43, Falkland Hill, Dorking; (home) Pelham Crescent, Nottingham
 Mrs. Dennis Adam (née Sergeant), Knala Lumpur, Selangar, Federated Malay Straits
 Miss H. Strachan, c/o Rev. F. S. Laurence, Cranford House, Monksford, Berks.
 Miss Garnier, Somerset House, Ryde



EDINBURGH SUMMER MEETING, 1903.

You have asked me for an account of the "Edinburgh Summer Meeting," but I fear it can only be an imperfect one, as I was unable to arrive before the end of the first week, just in time for the excursion over the Peutlands on August 8th, and I had to leave before the delightful dredging expedition off Millport under Professor Arthur Thomson.

During the first week there was a most interesting expedition to Dunfermline (conducted by Professor Geddes) the centre of so much of the early Scottish life, and of interest both on account of its past history and modern enterprise, but as all I could say concerning this town must be second-hand, I will pass on.

Omitting all account of the Geographical Survey by Mr. Reclus-Guyon, and the Botanical Survey by Mr. Hardy, for I was present at neither of these courses, I will briefly describe the Geological Excursion over the Peutlands under Mr. Goodchild.

The weather was favourable, as I may say it always was for all the excursions, for after a heavy thunder shower during the journey to Balerno, the sky cleared, and we had all those beautiful atmospheric effects which are usual after rain.

A steady pull uphill for about three miles brought us to a bog full of most interesting plant life. Here the party of about thirty got rather broken, as some stopped to procure specimens and gather the heather; yet still more attractive to me were the delicate shades of colouring that flitted over the hills, never the same, yet always exquisite, impossible to describe and yet more difficult to depict. But it was wonderful to note, as Mr. Goodchild pointed out, the different rock formation of the several hills, how hills of the same material always more or less remained the same tone of colour and changed together, while especially noticeable were the "Black Hills" of granite, whose appearance never belied their name. After walking some distance we came to an old

landslip and saw some very interesting dykes and lava rock, in which the steam holes were still to be seen quite clearly, and further on to a stony slope from which we collected specimens of shale oil, shale and glacier-marked stones. As we returned we passed a perched boulder of mica-schists, brought from Beirledi in the glacier epoch and now a standing record of the ancient workings of nature. When we were once more on the road there was an exciting race to catch the train, but only a few succeeded and the rest had to wait an hour for the next. Of the other long expeditions I will mention three which were very successful: the first down the Forth and to Inchcolm Island, the second to Melrose and Abbotsford, conducted by Mr. Eyre Todd, and the third to Stirling and Bannockburn.

On the first expedition after an early luncheon we hurried off to catch a ferry steamer at Leith Docks to take us across to Aberdour on the Fifeshire coast,—a most charmingly situated spot. At the quay of Aberdour we met Professor Geddes, who had three picturesque fishing boats waiting to sail the party over to Inchcolm.

On this island, or summit of some previous volcanic mountain, are most interesting ruins of a monastery, a hermit's cell, with a circular stone-roof, in which we found a real live hermit seated, and a slab of granite marking a Norseman's grave, probably dating back to the Viking expedition alluded to in "Macbeth," Act I. Scene I.:

Nor would we deign him burial of no man
Till he disbursed at St. Colne's inch, &c.

Nettles, cabbages, and the nature of the soil all had their turn of our attention that afternoon, which finished with a sail back to Aberdour over the still waters, as the party sang Scottish and German songs, and this was not the least delightful part of the excursion.

The next expedition to Melrose entailed a long railway journey, but, by starting at once on arriving at the station towards Abbotsford, and leaving the exploration of the Abbey till after tea we saw a great deal in a comparatively short time. To those who know Scott's Poems and Novels this neighbourhood is full of interest.

On the right stretched the Eildon Hills, cleft in three at the command of the Wizard Michael Scott, and the Tweed

"bridled with a curb of stone" (Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I., 13) while, between these lies, embedded in trees, the beautiful glen of Thomas the Rhymer, where he met the fairy queen who carried him off to Fairyland. A walk of three miles through well-wooded lanes, with most tempting hedges, brought us to Abbotsford, picturesquely situated on the Banks of Tweed, in a glen once known as "Clarty Hole." The story goes that as Scott, then a boy of thirteen, was driving past this spot with his father, the latter said:—"There, Walter, is a sufficiently romantic spot for you." A remark long cherished by his son and resulting in the beautiful mansion of Abbotsford. There are so many views and books about this home of that writer so deeply imbued with historic lore and legend, that there is no need for me to describe it and its most interesting rooms and collections. In order to see a most unique Peel Tower, on our return we made a detour by the village of Darnick. Darnick Peel is now a part of a private residence, but in the words of Mr. Eyre Todd "it is something quite unique" even on the Border, as the Glendearg of Scott's "Monastery" possesses a peculiar literary interest. After a most welcome tea we rambled through the beautiful ruins of the Abbey, with its "broken Arches," "Central Tower," "East Oriel, with its slender shafts of shapely stone," beneath which lies Bruce's heart, and to the right the tomb of Michael Scott (Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto II., 1, 4, 5, &c.) The workman of this triumph of art has cut beneath these words:—

I am the best mason of masonry,
Except for the man who learned me.

To quote again from the Lay, we saw the cloister with the arches carved with many a herb and floweret, the ribbed aisles locked by key-stones of fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuillè, and read the inscriptions on the old stone walls. Before leaving we studied the exterior with many of the old grave stones, which is almost, if not quite, as fascinating as the interior; but seven o'clock was near, and we had to bid farewell to "St. David's Pile."

I have now reached the last expedition of which I must write, *i.e.*, the one to "Stirling and Bannockburn." For this we left Edinburgh early in the morning, and reached Stirling, "the bulwark of the North," about 10-30 a.m. We

at once started off for the battlefield, but we stopped on the way to see the site of the struggle between Clifford and Randolph, in which the latter was successful in preventing Clifford from attaining his object, *i.e.*, to carry relief to the besieged in Stirling Castle.

On arriving at the spot where Bruce's standard was erected, we surveyed the wide-stretching slopes, had our attention called to the various hills and woods which formed the vantage ground for the respective hosts. This survey and the struggle across and up the steep banks of the burn, which proved so disastrous to the English cavalry, left us with a most realistic picture of that memorable conflict.

After this interesting survey some of us scrambled over walls and gates towards Seaton, to find the mill-house into which James III. was carried after he had been thrown from his horse, which shied on passing the well at a woman suddenly rising with her pitcher. He was galloping from the battle-field of Saucie-Burn to escape falling into the hands of the Douglasses, but they followed, and stabbed him to death as he was lying at the mill-house. Curiously enough a woman was lifting a pitcher from the same well as we passed, thus adding a realistic touch to the mental picture. Not having my camera, I could not take a photograph, and we now turned towards Stirling. After lunch we climbed up the flinty path towards the Castle, noting on our way the many buildings which have a history. As we went over the Castle, we were told the stories and legends attached to each room or tower, but the most gruesome was the tale of James II. and the Douglas, most vividly recalled by Mr. Eyre Todd in the very room where the deed took place. But the best was yet to come, for nothing can exceed in beauty, interest or fascination that view from the Castle battlements. On the right the lovely Ochil Hills faced by the dark Abbey Craig, the scene of Wallace's daring, the beautiful and wide-stretching plain through which the winding Forth coils like a serpent, while towards the north is the old Forth Bridge, with the pillars of the gate, which once barred the way both to the town and the Highlands, still standing, and not far off lies the ruins of Cambus Renneth Abbey. As one rounds the battlements the view changes, and we see beneath the "Ladies' Rock" and the Castle Park the scene of many a

"gay pageant" as is the one so ably described in the *Lady of the Lake*, Canto V.

That view—the clear sky, the exquisite colouring, the peaceful vale and river—I shall never forget, though only a Scott could adequately describe it. Some of the party still lingered on for further tours, but I felt it was wiser not to spoil such grand memories by trying to see more.

But besides these delightful long excursions, every day was full of interesting employment. Geological classes early in the morning, followed sometimes by a visit to a Museum, at another to the Castle, and again in the afternoon by walks over Arthur's Seat and the "furzy Hills of Braid," or there were visits to the Closes and notable houses of Edinburgh, conducted by Mr. Home, to illustrate his evening lectures: but I must not forget to mention one conducted by Professor Geddes to the unique, little rural village of Dean, with its water-mill on the banks of the Leith, nestling, as it were, in the heart of the great city.

Later in the morning Miss Hodgson gave her charming Nature Classes, at which we were most lavishly provided with all kinds of nature studies for painting, a kindness much appreciated by her busy listeners. In other rooms there were talks on fresh-water life, or on the German and French languages, with an occasional historical survey by Professor Geddes, while in the evening there were lectures on Old Edinburgh, and the songs and folklore of Scotland, with an occasional tea on the roof, and a visit to the Camera Obscura.

I must now bring this long letter to a close, but hope, however, that through it you may have gathered some idea of the pleasures of an "Edinburgh Summer Meeting."

E. B. H.